

Incomplete Songbook -

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Binder #4

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CARRY ME BACK TO OLD VIRGINNY

Carry me back to old Virginny,
There's where the cotton
And the corn and taters grow,
There's where the birds warble
Sweet in the Springtime,
There's where this old darkey's
Heart does long to go,
There's where I labored
So hard for old Massa, day after day
In the fields of yellow corn.
No place on earth
Do I love more sincerely
Than old Virginny,
The place where I was born.

SHANTY TOWN

It's only a shanty in old shanty town.
The roof is so slanty,
It touches the ground,
Just a tumbled down shack,
By an old railroad track,
Like a millionaire's mansion,
Keeps calling me back.
I'd give up a palace,
If I were a king,
It's more than a palace,
It's my everything.
There's a queen waiting there,
With silvery hair,
In a shanty in old shanty town.

MY GAL SAL

They call her frivolous Sal,
A peculiar sort of a gal
With a heart that was mellow
An all round good fellow
Was my gal sal.
Your sorrows, troubles and cares,
She was always willing to share
A wild sort of devil, but dead on the
level
Was my gal Sal.

SHANTY TOWN (JOHNNY LONG'S VERSION)

There's a shanty in the town
With the roof falling down,
Where the green grass grows
All around all around.
Roof so torn, so badly worn,
It touches to the ground.
It's just a tumbled down shack
And it's built way back a-
bout 25 feet from the railroad track,
It lingers on my mind
Most all the time,
Keeps calling me back
To my little grass shack.
I'd be just as sassy as Haille Salladie
If I were a king,
Wouldn't mourn a thing
Roof so tall
Read the writin' on the wall
But it don't mean a thing
Not a goddam thing
There's a queen waitin' there
In a rockin' chair
Blowin' her top on 'guitar's beer
Lookin' all around
And truckin' on down
Yes I gotta get back to my shanty town.

A MAN 'I THOUT A WOMAN

A man without a woman
Is like a ship without a sail,
Just like a boat without a rudder,
A kite without a tail.
A man without a woman is like a wreck
Is like a wreck cast on the sand.
But if there's one thing worse
In the universe,
It's a woman, I said a woman,
It's a woman without a man.

DOODLE LEE DO

ACE IN THE HOLE

Do it to me what you did to Marie
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
I know it was swell 'cause I heard Marie
yell,

Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much
to it

All you got to do is Doodle Lee Do it
Do it to me what you did to Marie
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Do it some more what you did to Lenor
Last Saturday night, Saturday night.
First you carressed her, then you un-
dressed her,

Saturday night, Saturday night.
It's the easiest thing, there isn't much
to it

All you got to do is Doodle Lee Do it
Do it some more what you did to Lenor
On the sofa last Saturday night.

Sweet Sally Jones went out with a show
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee Do
She made a hit by doing her bit
Called Doodle Lee Do, Doodle Lee Do
Twenty a week was all there was to it
All she had to do was doodle Lee Do it
She bought a Rolls Royce but not with her

voice
She had to Doodle Lee Doodle Lee Do.

THE SILVER DOLLAR

Now you can roll a silver dollar on the
ground

And it'll roll becruse it's round.
A woman never knows whatta good man she's
got

Until she turns him down.

Now, my honey, won't you listen to me
I want you to understand
Just as a silver dollar goes from hand
to hand,

A woman goes from man to man in Korea
A woman goes from man to man.

This town is full of guys
Who think they're mighty wise
Just because they know a thing or two
You can see them night and day,
Strolling up and down Broadway,
Telling of the wonders they can do
There are wise guys, there are boozers
Gon-men and crap-shooters
Congregate around the metropole
Wearing flashy ties and collars
Where do they get those dollars?
They all have an ace down in the hole

Some of them write to the old folks for
coin

That's their old ace in the hole
Others have girls on the old tenderloin
That's their old ace in the hole

They'll tell you of trips
That they are going to make
From 'Frisco to the old North Pole
But their names would be mud
Like a chump playing stud
If they lost that old ace in the hole.

MINNIE THE MERMAID

Many's the night I spent with Minnie, the
mermaid

Down at the bottom of the sea,
Down among the corals where she lost her
morals

Gee but she was good to me.

Many's the night in the pale moonlight,
Minnie, made love to me

Now ashes to ashes and dust to dust
Two twin beds, and just one of them muss
Now you can easily see, she's not my mother,

Because my mother is forty-nine,
And you can easily see she's not my sister,

'Cause I'd never show my sister such a
hellava good time
And you can easily see she's not my
sweetie

'Cause my sweeties are too refined.
She's just a slip of a kid who didn't know
what she did

She's just a personal friend of mine,
Down by the boat house, a personal friend
of mine.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile awhile you kiss me sad adieu
When the clouds roll by I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue
Down in lover's lane my dear one
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me
'Til we meet again.

DAISIES

Sweet bunch of daisies
Brought from the field
Kiss me once darling
Daisies won't tell
Say that you love me
Oh, sweetheart do.
Darling I love you
Say you'll be true.

RUDOLPH THE RED-NOSED REINDEER

Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer
Had a very shiny nose
And if you ever saw it
You might even say it glows
All of the other reindeers
Used to laugh and call him names
They wouldn't let poor Rudolph
Join in any reindeer games
Then one frosty Christmas morn
Santa came to say
"Rudolph, with your nose so bright
Won't you guide my sleigh tonight?"
All of the other reindeers
Laughed and shouted out with glee
"Rudolph, the red-nosed reindeer
You'll go down in history--
You'll go down in history."

CAROLINA MOON

Carolina Moon keep shining
Shining on the place I long to see
Carolina Moon I'm pining
Pining for the one who waits for me
How I'm hoping tonight you'll go
Go to the right window
Follow your light
Say I'm all right, please do
Tell her that I'm blue and lonely
Dreamy Carolina Moon.

ON TOP OF OLD SMOKEY

On top of Old Smokey
All covered with snow
I lost my true lover
For courtin' too slow
For courtin's a pleasure
But parting is grief
And a false-hearted lover
Is worse than a thief.
For a thief will just rob you
And take what you save
But a false-hearted lover
Will lead you to the grave.
And the grave will decay you
And turn you to dust
Not one man in a hundred
A poor girl can trust.
They'll hug you and kiss you
And tell you more lies
Then cross ties on a railroad
Or stars in the skies.
So come all you young maidens
And listen to me
Never thrust your affections
'Neath a green willow tree.
For the leaves they will wither
And the roots they will die
And you'll all be forsaken
And never know why.

I'VE BEEN WORKING ON THE RAILROAD

I've been working on the railroad
All the live long day
I've been working on the railroad
Just to pass the time away
Can't you hear the whistle blowing
Rise up so early in the morn
Can't you hear the Captain shouting
Diana, blow your horn.

Someone's in the kitchen with Diana
Someone's in the kitchen I know
Someone's in the kitchen with Diana
Strummin' on the old banjo
They're singing fe-fi-fiddle-i-o
Fe-fi-fiddle-i-o-o-o-o
Fe-fi-fiddle-i-o
Strummin' on the old banjo.

MELANCHOLY BABY

Come to me my Melancholy Baby
Cuddle up and don't feel blue
All your fears are foolish fancies baby
You know dear that I'm in love with you
Every cloud must have a silver lining
Wait until the sun shines through
Smile my honey dear
While I kiss away each tear
Or else I shall be melancholy too!

SIMPLE MELODY

Won't you play a simple melody
Like my mother sang to me
One with good old-fashioned harmony
Play a simple melody,

Musical demon set your honey a dreamin'
Won't you play me some rag
Just some sweet beautiful drag
From some old classical rag
If you will play from the copy
Of a tune that is choppy
You'll get all my applause
And that is simply because
I want to listen to rag.

I WONDER WHY

I hear music and there's no one there
I smell blossoms and the trees are bare
All day long I seem to walk on air
I wonder why-I wonder why.
I keep walking in my sleep at night
And what's more I've lost my appetite
Stars that used to twinkle in the sky
Are twinkling in my eyes
I wonder why.

It is not so surprising
You don't need analyzing
It sounds very strange but nice
Your heart goes pitter-patter
I know just what's the matter
Because I've been there once or twice
Put your head on my shoulder
You need someone who's older
You've been knocked down by Paradise
There is nothing you can take
To relieve that pleasant ache
You're not sick you're just in love.

DADDY

I want a beer,
Just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad
It was a beer
And the only beer
That Daddy ever had
A good old-fashioned beer
With lots of foam
It took ten men
To carry Daddy home
I want a beer
Just like the beer
That pickled dear old Dad.

SOMEBODY LOVES YOU

Somebody loves you
I want you to know
Longs to be near you
Wherever you go
Somebody loves you
And right from the start
Happiness flew into somebody's heart
Somebody loves you
Each hour of the day
When you're around dear
And when you're away
Somebody loves you
Sweetheart can't you see
That that somebody is me.

MOONLIGHT AND ROSES

Starlight and sunshine
Will always remind me of you;
Your eyes are starlight,
Your smile is the sunshine, too;
Night time or day time
You seem to be always in view,
Starlight and sunshine,
Remind me of you.
Moonlight and roses
Bring wonderful memories of you;
My heart reposes,
In beautiful thoughts so true.
June light disclosed
Love's olden dreams sparkling anew,
Moonlight and roses
Bring memories of you.

THAT OLD GANG OD MINE

Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.
I can't forget that old quartette
That sang "Sweet Adeline";
Goodbye, forever, old fellows and gals
Goodbye, forever, old sweethearts and pals

God Bless them

Gee, but I'd give the world to see
That old gang of mine.

ROLL ALONG PRAIRIE MOON

Roll along, Prairie Moon,
Roll along while I croon;
Shine above lamp of love,
Prairie Moon.
Way up there in the blue
Maybe you're lonely too,
Swingin' by in the sky,
Prairie Moon.
I need your tender light
To make things right,
You know I'm so alone tonight.
Far away shed your beams
On the girl of my dreams,
Tell her too, I've been true,
Prairie Moon.

TILL WE MEET AGAIN

Smile the while you kiss me fond adieu
When the clouds roll by, I'll come to you
Then the skies will seem more blue;
Down in lovers' land, my dearies
Wedding bells will ring so merrily
Every tear will be a memory
So wait and pray each night for me,
Till we meet again.

THE SHIEK OF ARABY

I'm the shiek of Araby
Your heart belongs to me,
At night when you're asleep
Into your tent I'll creep.
The stars that shine above,
Will light our way to love,
Oh rule this land with me,
I'm the shiek of Araby.

BLACKBIRDS

Here we stand on the ground,
We won't take off till the sun goes down
We fly blackbirds

Go in low and come out fast,
Keep those fighters off our....nocks
We fly blackbirds.

No one here can ever understand us
You should hear the malarkey that they hand us

Mix these drinks and mix 'em right
Because we're standing down tonight
Blackbirds we fly.....

NEW SAN ANTONIO ROSE

Deep within my heart lies a melody
A song of old San Antonio
Where in dreams I live in my memories
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.
It was there I found, beside the alamo
Enchantment strange as the blue up above
A moonlit path that only she would know
Still hears my broken song of love.

Moon in all your splendor
Knows only my heart
Call back my Rose, Rose of San Antone
Lips so sweet and tender
Like petals fallen apart
Speak once again of my love, my own
Broken song, empty words I know
Still live in my heart all alone
For that moonlit path by the flame
And Rose, my Rose of San Antone.

JUST BECAUSE

Oh, just because you think you're so prett
Oh, just because you think you're so hot
Just because you think you've got some-thing
That nobody else ain't got
Well, just because you spend all my mon-ey
And, Honey, you call me "Ole Santa Claus"
Baby, I'm telling you
Honey, I'm through with you
Because, just because

BLUE SKIES

Move dippy doodle
Just breaking for me
Girl of my dreams I want you, I need you
Have a little faith in me
Dadadada
Here I go crying again
Kiss me darling do
On a night like this we go
Petting in the park
Oh the way I like it darling, please do
Spoken as it came from me
Oh my Oh my solid

WHIFFING POOF SONG

From the tables down at Maury's
To the place where Louie swells
To the dear old Temple Bar we love so well
See the whiffin poofs assemble
With their glasses raised on high
And the magic of their singing casts it
spell
Yes, the magic of their singing
Of the songs we love so well
Can awasting and Varning and the rest.
We will serenade our Louie
While life and breath shall last
And will pass and be forgotten with the

We are poor little lambs
Who have lost our way
Baa, Baa, Baa
We are little black sheep
Who have gone astray
Baa, Baa, Baa
Gentlemen, songsters, off on a spree
Damned from here to eternity
God, have mercy on such as we
Baa, Baa, Baa

MY BLUE HEAVEN

When whip-poor-wills call and evening is
night,
I hurry to my blue heaven.
A turn to the right,
A little white light,
Will lead you to my blue heaven.
You'll see a smiling face,
A fire place, a cozy room,
A little nest that's nestled where the
roses bloom
Just Nollie and me,
And baby makes three,
We're happy in my blue heaven.

CALIFORNIA HERE I COME

California, here I come,
Right back where I started from,
Where bowers of flowers bloom in the
spring
Each morning, at dawning,
Birdies sing and everything;
A sun kist miss says don't be late,
That's why I can hardly wait,
So open up your Golden Gate,
California, here I come.

"OLD 47"

He was screaming down the runway
Going ninety miles an hour
When his turbo's broke into a screen
He was found in the wreckage
With his hand on the throttle
And his mixture in autolean

"GLORY GLORY HALLELULAH"

Oh, the 31st they flew at 47,000 feet
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "
But they only dropped a teensie weensie
bomb

Tons and tons of Pylons and the JFN 68
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "
But they only drop a teensie weensie bor
Tons and tons and tons of aviation gas-
oline
" " " " " " " "
" " " " " " " "
But they only drop a teensie weensie box

SWEET SUE

Ev'ry star above knows the one I love,
Sweet sue, just you.
And the moon on high knows the reason wh
Sweet Sue, it's you.
No one else it seems, ever shares my
dreams
And without you dear I don't know what I
d
In this heart of mine
You live all the time.
Sweet Sue, Just you.

LILLI MARLENE

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack
gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll
see her wait
She waits for the boy who marched away
And though he's gone she hears him say
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack
gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll
see her wait
For this is the place a vow was made
And breezes sing her serenade
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack
gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll
see her wait
And there in the lamp light it is said
A halo shines above her head
Oh, promise you'll be true
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene

Underneath the lamp post by the barrack
gate
Standing all alone, every night you'll
see her wait
And as they go marching to the fray
The soldiers all salute and say
We'll tell him you've been true
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene
Till I return to you
Fare thee well, Lilli Marlene.

GIVE MY REGARDS TO BROADWAY

Give my regards to Broadway,
Remember me to Herald Square,
Tell all the gang on 42nd Street,
That I will soon be there,
Tell them of how I'm yearning
To mingle with the old time throng,
Give my regards to old Broadway
And tell them I'll be there ere long.

PENNSYLVANIA FOLKA

Strike up the music, the band has begun
The Pennsylvania Folka.
Pick out your partner and join in the fun
The Pennsylvania Folka.
It started in Scranton, It's now number
one
It's bound to entertain ya,
Everybody has a mania, to do the Folka
from Pennsylvania.

While they're dancing, everybody's
Cares are quickly gone;
Sweet romancing, this goes on and on -
Until the dawn.
They're so carefree,
Gay with laughter,
Happy as can be,
They stop to have a beer,
Then the crowd begins to cheer,
They kiss and then they start to
Dance again,
(Repeat Chorus)

CIGARETTES, WHISKEY, AND WILD, WILD WOMEN

Once I was happy and had a good wife;
Had enough money to last me for life.
I met a gal and we went on a spree;
She taught me to smoke and to drink
whiskey.

CHORUS:
Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild
women,
They'll drive you crazy, they'll drive y
insane
Cigarettes and whiskey and wild, wild
women.

II

Cigarettes are a blot on the whole human
race,
A man is a monkey with one in his face.
Here's my definition, believe me dear
brother;
"A fire on one end, a fool on the other.
(Repeat Chorus)

III

Brother, repent, or they'll write on you
grave:
"To women and whiskey here lies a poor
slave.
Take warning dear stranger, take warning
dear friend
They'll write in big letters these words
at your end
Chorus:

There was a woods
The prettiest woods
You ever did see
And the green grass grew all around

Now in this woods there was a hole
The prettiest hole you ever did see
The hole in the woods
And the green grass grew all around
.....And in this hole there was a tree.....
It was the prettiest tree you ever did see
Tree in the hole
Hole in the woods

And the green grass grew all around
And on this tree there was a limb
The prettiest limb, you ever did see
The limb on the tree, the tree in the hole, the hole in the woods
And the green grass grew all around
And on this limb there was a branch
And on this branch there was a twig
And on this twig there was a nest
And in this nest there was an egg
And on the egg there was a spot
And on this spot there was a bug
And on this bug there was a wing
And on this wing there was a lot

I ONLY WANT A BUDDY

I only want a buddy not a sweetheart
Buddies never make you blue
Sweethearts make vows that are broken
Broken like my heart is broken too
Don't tell me that you love me
Say you like me
No lovers' quarrels, no bungalow for me
We'll stroll down lover's lane
But I'll keep on a sayin'
I only want a buddy, not a gal.

WHEN YOU TAKE A GIRL OUT WALKING

When you take a girl out walking
Down a little shady dell
Never take a girl named Maude or Carrie
That's the kind of girl
You're gonna have to marry.

When you take a girl out walking
Down a little shady dell
Always take a girl named Daisy
Why?
Cause Daisies won't tell.

THERE'S A GIRL IN THE HEART OF MARYLAND

There's a girl in the heart of Maryland
With a heart that belongs to me
When I told her of her charms
The orioles above
Sang neath the old apple tree.
Then Maryland was fairyland
As she promised my bride she would be
There's a girl in the heart of Maryland
With a heart that belongs to me.

DOWN BY THE OLD MILL STREAM

Down by the old mill stream,
Where I first met you,
With your eyes of blue,
Dressed in gingham, too.
It was there I knew,
That you loved me too.
You were sixteen, my village queen,
Down by the old mill stream.

RAG TIME COWBOY JOE

He always sings
Raggedy music to the cattle
As he swings
Back and forward in the saddle
On a horse
Pretty good horse
That is syncopated gait
And he sits a funny meter
To the rear of his repeater
How they run, see them run
When they hear the fellow's gun
Because the Western folks all know
That he's a rootin', tootin'
High fartin' son of a gun
From Arizona, rag time cowboy,
Talk about your cowboy
Rag time Cowboy Joe.

MISSOURI WALTZ

Hush-a-bye my baby
Slumber time is comin' soon
Rest yo' head upon my breast
While mammy hums a tune
The sandman's a callin'
Where shadows are fallin'
While the soft breezes sigh
As in days long gone by
Way down in Missouri
Where I heard this melody
When I was a pickaninny
On my mammy's knee
The darkies were hummin'
Their banjos were strummin'
So sweet and low.

THERE'S A LONG LONG TRAIL

There's a long long trail a-windin'
Into the land of my dreams
Where the nightingales are singing
And a white moon beams.

There's a long long night awaiting
Until my dreams all come true
Till the day when I'll be going down
That long, long trail with you.

SMILES

There are smiles that make us happy,
There are smiles that make us blue,
There are smiles that steal away the tear
drops,

's the sunbeams steal away the dew,
There are smiles that have a tender
meaning

What the eyes of love alone can see
And the smiles that fill my life with
sunshine

Are the smiles that you gave me.

FOR ME AND MY GAL

The bells are ringing
For me and my gal
The birds are singing
For me and my gal
Everybody's been knowin'
To a wed'ing they're going
And for weeks they've been sewing
Every Susie and Sal
They're congregating
For me and my gal
And someday, we're going to build
A little home for two, or three or four
Or more
In Loveland, for me and my gal.

SHINE OF HARVEST MOON

Shine on, shine on Harvest Moon
Up in the sky,
I ain't had no loving since
January, February, June or July.
Snow Time ain't no time to stay
Outside and spoon,
So shine on, shine on Harvest Moon
For me and my gal.

ON MOONLIGHT AY

We were sailing along, On Moonlight Bay
You could hear the darkies singing,
They seemed to say,
You have stolen my heart,
Now don't go away,
As they sang love's sweet song,
On Moonlight Bay.

MY WILD IRISH ROSE.

My wild Irish Rose
The sweetest flower that grows
You may search everywhere
But none can compare
With my wild Irish Rose.
My wild Irish Rose
The dearest flower, that grows
And some day for my sake
She may let me take
The bloom from my wild Irish Rose.

LET ME CALL YOU SOMETHEAT

Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.
Let me hear you whisper,
That you love me too.
Keep the lovelight burning
In your eyes so blue,
Let me call you sweetheart,
I'm in love with you.

SHOW ME THE WAY TO GO HOME

Show me the way to go home, O Lord
I'm tired and I want a go to bed.
Oh I had a little drink about an hour ago
And it went right to my head.
Wherever I may roam,
On land or sea or foam,
You can always hear me singing this song
Show me the way to go home.

WE LOOP IN THE PURPLE TWILIGHT

We loop in the purple twilight
We spin in the silvery dawn
With a trail of black smoke behind us
To show where our comrades have gone
So stand to your glasses steady
This world is a world of lies
So we'll drink to the dead already
And hurrah for the next man to die.

TANTALIZIN' BROWNS

Get you a kitchen mechanic from some white folks' es yard
And leave those tantalizin' browns alone.
Get you a real high yella; one that passes fro white,
Cause she's a genuine to the bone.
And every night, you'll bet your life
She'll feed you roast beef, stewed beef,
And a ----- wallopin' ham!
Get you a kitchen mechanic from some white folks' es yard
And leave those tantalizin' browns alone.
And leave those browns alone-----
And leave those tantalizin', scandalizin' browns alone!!!!!!

I JUST CALLED UP TO TELL YOU

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night.
I eat a porterhouse ~~steak~~ three times a day for my board
More than any ordinary gal can afford.
I got a big electric fan to keep me cool when I sleep
A big handsome man to play around with my feet.
I'm just a ramblin' woman, a gamblin' woman, drunk every night.
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right
A thief and a gambler and I'm drunk every night
I've got the hips that sank the ships of England, France and Peru
And if you're like Napoleon, it's your Waterloo.
I'll take a fifteen minute intermission in a Ford V-8
I'd like to make it longer but I've got a late date.
My motto is "Sin be gone with the wind" so let's be breezy tonight.
I just called up to tell you that I'm rugged but right.

"IRISH WASHWOMAN"

Oh, McGinnis was dead and McCarthy didn't know it,
McCarthy was dead and McGinnis didn't know it.
McCarthy and McGinnis were lying in a bed,
And neither one knew the other was dead.....
Whang...Whang...

The night of the wedding, the night of the fun,
The night of the wedding it had to be done.
You did it you devil, you'd do it again,
The women enjoy it as much as the men.
Whang...Whang....

Oh,

CANDLER'S BOY

Oh, the boy went in to the candler's shop
Some cinders for to buy.
He hunted all over the candler's shop,
The candler to espy.
He hunted, he hollered, he screamed, he bawled,
Enought to wake the dead,
When he suddenly heard a (tap, tap, tap) right above his head.
Yes, he suddenly heard a (tap, tap, tap) right above his head.

Now this little boy was very sly;
He started to climb the stairs.
He climbed them oh, so stealthily
So as not to disturb the hairs,
And there on the bed lay the candler's boy
Between a lady's thighs,
And they were having a (tap, tap, tap) right before his eyes,
Yes, they were having a (tap, tap, tap) right before his eyes,

Now when the game was over,
The lady raised her head,
And she was very surprised to see
The boy beside her bed.
Said she, "Young man, if my secret you'll keep
To you I will be kind,
And you'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever you're so inclined;
Yes, you'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever you're so inclined."

Now all you men who do have wives,
When ever you go to town.
Make sure you either lock 'em up,
Or else you tie 'em down.
For if they're like the candler's wife
And true to the ways of their kind,
Why they'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever they're so inclined,
Yes, they'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when ever they're so inclined.

Now this is the end of my story
And if you nod your head
We'll just turn out the lights right here
And slowly climb to bed.
For if you're like the candler's wife
And maybe you're so inclined,
Well, we'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when you make up your mind,
Yes, we'll be having a (tap, tap, tap) when you make up your mind.

WEST VIRGINIA HILLS

In the Hills of West Virginia lives a girl named Nancy Brown.
Ain't never seen such beauty in city or in town,
Now, Nancy and the Deacon climbed the mountain come high noon,
And when they reached the summit it was very, very soon.

Oh, she came rollin' down the mountain, rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain by the damn,
And in spite of all his urgin' she remained the local virgin,
And is just as pure as West Virginia ham.

Now, along came a trapper; Henderson by name.
He took our little Nancy, and the story's just the same.
She came rollin' down the mount in, rollin' down the mountain,
Rollin' down the mountain by the shack,
And in spite of all his urgin', she remained the local virgin,
And is just as pure as Pappy's polejack.

But, along came a slicker with his hundred dollar bills,
He took our little Nancy a way up in the hills,
And then she stayed up in the mountain, stayed up in the mountains.
Stayed up in the mountains all that night.
She came home next morning early more a woman than a girly,
And her papry kicked the bussy out of sight.

Now she's livin' in the city, livin' in the city,
Oh, she's livin' in the city mighty swell.
She's done away with pots and kettles, and she's artin' fancy vittles,
And these West Virginia hills can go to hell!!

But, along came depression; took Slicker by the pants,
He had to sell his Buick, had to give up little Nance.
So, now she's back in West Virginia, back in West Virginia,
Back in West Virginia as of yore,
And the Trapper and the Deacon get that thing that they were sockin'
And she's nothing but a West Virginia W----!!!

IN AN OLD KENTUCKY TOWN

BIG GREY RAT

I met her in a ^{home} house.
In an old Kentucky town.
She wore no evening gown.
Her pants were hanging down.
Her lips were red as a roosters ass
Her eyes were cat faced brown.
Her ~~tits~~ hung down like a buffalo's cop.
I'll ~~fuck~~ her before the sun goes down.
I wore a tulip, a big yellow tulip.
And she wore a big red rose.
Oh! how it did tickle.
When she squeezed my p-----
And I whitewashed her fair red rose.

Oh the moonlight shone on the bar room
floo
The bar had closed for the night
When out of the corner came a big grey rat
Sat in the pale moonlight - Moonlight
He lapped up the licquor on the bar room
floor
Back on his haunches he sat
And to that empty room he said
Bring on your God damn cat
Hic-cat-hic-cat, bring on your god damn
cat

BILL HALL

There was a man
By the name of Bill Hall
He had a goat
And that was all.
One day that goat
Was felling fine
Ate six red shirts
Right off the line
First Billy cursed
And then he swore
This doggone goat
Would live no more,
He grasped him by
His wooly back
And tied him to
The railroad track,
The whistle blow
The train grew nigh
This poor old goat
Was doomed to die.
He gave six shrieks
Of mortal pain
Coughed up those shirts
And flagged the train.

LETS HAVE A PARTY

Lets have a party
Lets have some fun
Lets have a party

Break left, Break right
Streamers off the wing
Snap rolls, Slow rolls
We do anything

We are the Joy Boys
From Turner Field
Hello Hello Hello Hello

SECOND AIR FORCE (Pepsi Cola)

Second Air Force, thats the spot
Twenty four colonels, thats a lot
Twice as many Majors too
Second Air Force is the place for you

PUSAN "U" (SIOUX CITY SUE)

We were roaming round the countryside
'Twas down near Pusan B'y
We stopped into a local bar
To pass the time away,
I met a girl who said: "Howdeedo?"
She hailed from old Chinju.
I asked her what her school was,
She said: "O Pusan U"

Chorus:

O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
The finest school in all the land.
The University that is grand!
O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
I hail my Alma Mater!
O Pusan U, to you !

I enrolled in that great college,
Founded by Kim Pak Su
'Twas built of honeybuckets,
So they named it Pusan U
The smell it was terrific,
But I struggled through.
So now I lift this glass
To the school of Pusan U.

Chorus:

I saw a girl most beautiful,
She was a sight to view,
She won a Beauty Contest,
And was crowned Miss Pusan U.
They spotted her in Hollywood
Now she's a star there too.
When asked to what she owes her fame,
She says: "O Pusan U"

Chorus:

O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
Your course is good for engineers:
A-frames, ex-certs pulled by steers.
O Pusan U, O Pusan U,
I hail my Alma Mater,
To you, O Pusan U!

THANKS FOR YOUR LETTER

THAT LITTLE BALL OF YARN

Oh it was a day in June and the flowers were in bloom
And the birds were singing sweetly in the trees
I saw a pretty miss and I simply asked her this
Could I wind up her little ball of yarn

She gave me her consent and behind the fence we went
Never thinking I would do her any harm
I layed her on the ground and I ruffled up her gown
And I wound up her little ball of yarn

Nine months later after that in a poolroom that I sat
Never thinking I had done her any harm
Long came a man in blue saying boy I'm looking for you
You'r the father of a nine pound ball of yarn

Now in jail as I sit with my fingers in my shirt
And the birdbugs playing ping pong with my b____
All the ladies as the pass, through peanuts at my a____
All for winding up that little ball of yarn.

BUMMING AROUND TOWN (Strawberry roan)

I was bumming around town, not spending a dime,
So I steps in a w____ house to have a good time.
Up steps an old b____ who says I suppose,
Thattyour a good c____ man by the cut of your clothes.

I'm a young cowboy a'building my fame
Do you happen to have any old w____ to tame?
Yes I am one that you cannot f____
At throwing good riders I've had lots of luck
So I lays an old ten spot right down on the line
And she steps in the bedroom and pulls down the blind.

She lay on the bed with a horrible groan
The hair on her a____ was a strawberry roan,
She commenced her wild movement and I made my pass
And landed my donneker right square in her a____.

Now I'm telling you boys that old gal could step
And I was a rider a'building my rep.
With a hell of a lunge and a god awful cry
She left me a'sitting way up in the sky.

I turned over twice ere I came back to earth
And I lay there a'cussing the day of her birth.
Now I'm telling you boys, thers no man alive,
That can ride that old b____ when she makes that high dive.

I wanted wings, till I got the goddamned things
 Now I don't want them any more
 They taught me how to fly, then they sent me here to die
 I've had a belly-full of war
 You can save those zeros for the goddamned heroes
 For distinguished flying crosses do not compensate for losses
 I wanted wings, till I got the goddamned things
 Now I don't want them any more

I'll take the dames while the rest go down in flames
 I've no desire to be burned
 Air combat spelled romance, but it made rot my pants
 I'm not a fighter, I have learned
 You can save those mitsubishis for the other sons of bitches
 Cause I'd rather be a woman than be shot down in a gruman
 I wanted wings.....

I'm too young to die in a damned old P'B Y
 That's for the eager, not for me
 I don't trust my luck to be picked up in a duck
 After I've crashed into the sea
 Oh, I'd rather be a bellhop than a flyer on a flat-top
 With my hand around a bottle, and not a goddamned throttle,
 I wanted wings

I don't want a tour, over Berlin or the Ruhr
 Flak always makes me part my lunch
 How can I be gay, when they holler "Bombs Away"?
 I'd rather be home with the bunch
 For there's one thing you can't laugh off
 That's when someone shoots your ass off
 And I'd rather come home buster, with my ass than with a cluster
 I wanted wings.....

I'm too old to learn new tricks, in A B dash two crash six
 blazing a path for Patton's tanks
 My wife don't want insurance, and I'm not out of endurance
 I'd rather go to Paris and spend Francs
 Oh, in England it was blitzes, and in France it's nesser-schnitzes
 And I feel like such a sucker, when my ass-hole starts to pucker
 I wanted wings.....

They feed us lousy chow, but we stay alive somehow
 On dehydrated milk and eggs and stew
 What will they think of next, they'll be dehydrating sex
 On that day I'll tell the coach I'm through
 For I really love my Humpin' and I like to do my prandin'
 But I'd rather come with chowder, than to come with hunks of powder
 I wanted wings.....

That day that we bombed Metz, I ran out of cigarettes
 I always smoke to calm my gut
 They make them by the ton, but I haven't got a one
 I simply cannot fly without a butt
 Oh the home front may be pitchin', but we still can do our bit
 Till we find some real sharp cookie, who can mass-produce some neckie
 I wanted wings.....

BALLAD TO THE 31ST GUNNERY TEAM

The best dam gunners in Foaf are here Parly Voo
The best dam gunners in Foaf are here Parly Voo
The best dam gunners in Foaf are here
So everybody down their beer
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

The 307th won the pot Parly Voo
The 307th won the pot Parly Voo
The 307th won the pot
Because they are so gol durrr hot
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

The 31st has won the meet Parly Voo
The 31st has won the meet Parly Voo
The 31st has won the meet
The Migs are the only ones left to beat
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

Dinree Dunham also shot Parly Voo
Dingee Dunham also shot Parly Voo
Dingee Dunham also shot
* * * * *
(Who stole his glasses)
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

Bobby Keen is top dog now Parly Voo
Bobby Keen is top dog now Parly Voo
Bobby Keen is top dog now
He'll have to show the rest of us how
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

The 308th went along for the ride Parly Voo
The 308th went along for the ride Parly Voo
The 308th went along for the ride
Those three old men had better hide
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

The 309th put on a good show Parly Voo
The 309th put on a good show Parly Voo
The 309th put on a good show
Whenever they hit Tokyo
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

Sixty four more days in the sun Parly Voo
Sixty four more days in the sun Parly Voo
Sixty Four more days in the sun
Whatch out Albany here we come
Rinky Dinky Parly Voo

WHEN YOUR LEAVES HAVE TURNED TO SILVER

When your leaves have turned to silver
Will you love us just the same
Oh we'll always call you (any old dirty
major)

Isn't that a bloody shame,

To the days at dear old Chitose
Only now we have to laugh
When your leaves have turned to silver
You can shove them up your a--.

BLESS THEM ALL 7

Bless them all--Bless them all
The needle the airspeed the ball
Bless all the instructors
Who taught me to fly
Sent me up solo and left me to die
So if ever your blow jet
Should stall--your due for one hell of a
fall

No lillies or violets for dead fighter
pilots

So cheer up my lads--Bless them all

Bless them all--Bless them all
The long and the short and the tall
Bless all the sergeants the sour puss
ones

Bless all the corporals and their dopy
sons

Cause we're saying goo-bye to them all
The long and the short and the tall
There'll be no promotions this side of
the ocean
So while we are here bless them all

ZIGA ZIGA ZOOMBA 8

Chorus

Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba, zoomba
Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba zay
Ziga ziga zoomba, zoomba zoomba
Ziga ziga zoomba zoomba zoy
Zi e zi e zoomba zoomba lazi
Oh mow them down you zwazi warriors
Oh mow them down you chiefs, chiefs,
chiefs, chiefs.

Chorus

(Progressively faster)

SHE'S MORE TO BE PITIED

She's more to be pitied than censured.
She's more to be helped than despised.
She's only a lassie who ventured,
Down life's stormy path ill-advised.

Do not scorn her with words fierce and
bitter.

Do not laugh at her shame and downfall.
For a moment just stop and consider,
A flyboy was the cause of it all.

SEOUL CITY SUE 10

I drove a herd of oxen down
Till I reached old Bon Chong way,
And there I met a Gook girl,
Who said she'd like to play.
Her clothes were of a dirty blue,
Her hands and feet were too.
I asked her what her name was,
She said, "Seoul City Sue."

Chorus:

Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
Your hair is black, your eyes are too,
I'd swap my honey cart for you.
Seoul City Sue, Seoul City Sue,
No one smells of Kimchie,
Like my sweet Seoul City Sue.

II

Oh, Korea, I must admit,
I owe a lot to you.
I came here from America
To find Seoul City Sue.
Someday I'll take her back with me,
And buy her perfumes too,
So people can't be singing.
"Here comes Seoul City Sue."

"LAST OF THE B-26'S" 11

A 2nd Lt. went down to the hanger
He had to get in his time
He needed a ship that had two engines
There were 84 on the line

The B-47's were reserved for the Colonel
The Majors had the F-86's
There was one ship left on the end of the
apron

It was the last of the B-26's.

SO LONG 12

I've sung this song and I'll sing it again
Of the things that I've done and the places I've been
Some of the things that have bothered my mind
And a lot of good wingmen that I've left behind

Chorus:

Singing So Long, it's been good to know you
So Long, it's been good to know you
So Long, it's been good to know you
What a long time since I've been home
and I've got to be drifting along

This story begins when we gathered to brief
We listened to the words of our red-headed chief
He said, "Listen here men and I'll give you the score
About what is the way with the F-84"

CHORUS:

We turned on the runway and started to roll
I gave her the throttle and poured on the coal
The JATO was heavy, My God it was thick
So I went on the gages and yanked on the stick

CHORUS:

We flew up to Sunan and dodged all the flak
I called my leader, "Oh, please take me back
I'm tired of flying these big iron birds"
But instead of turning he uttered these words

CHORUS:

We then went to Sukchon and glide bombed the rails
We broke to the right with the flak on our tails
We rendezvoused high with the Migs in the sun
And I thought to myself we should give her the gun

CHORUS:

When we circled to join-up it was a great race
The Migs would soon be there and give us a chase
Number four man's five-hundreds were still tightly hung
If we didn't leave soon we would surely be done

CHORUS:

I called my leader, "I'm way low on fuel
If you'll turn around quick I can get back to Seoul"
Just then he shouted, "There's Migs on the lead
So we'll break to the left and we'll get up some speed"

CHORUS:

Well, I broke to the left and I felt a great jar
A whistling golf ball had cut my main spar
My canopy jammed and my engine flamed out
And over the RTI started to shout

Buddies, So Long, It's been good to know you
So Long it's been good to know you
So Long, it's been good to know you
But there's not much that I can say
For it looks like I've suggested today.

JOHNNY ROBUCK

MAKE ME OPERATIONS

There was a little Dutchman
His name was Johnny Robuck
He was a dealer in sausages
And sauerkraut and spec.
He made the finest sausages
That ever you did see
And one day he invented
A wonderful sausage machine, BANG

Chorus:

Oh, Mister Johnny Robuck
How could you be so mean
I told you you'd be sorry for
Inventing that machine.
Now all the neighbors' cats and dogs
Will never more be seen
They'll all be ground to sausages
In Johnny Robuck's machine, BANG
One day a little boy
Came walking in the store
He bought a pound of sausages
And dropped them on the floor
The boy began to whistle.
He whistled up a tune
And all the little sausages
Went dancing round the room, BANG

Chorus:

One day the machine got busted
The damn thing wouldn't go
So Johnny Robuck he crawled inside
To see what made it so
His wife she had a nightmare
And walking in her sleep
She gave the crank
A hell of a yank
And Johnny Robuck was meat, BANG

Chorus:

Don't give me a P-38
With the props the counter-rotate.
You'll loop, roll and spin,
But you'll soon aurer in.
Don't give me a P-38

Chorus:

Just make me operations,
Way out on some lonely atoll
For I am too young to die,
I just want to go home.

Don't give me a P-39
With the engine that's mounted behind.
You'll loop, roll and spin.
But you'll soon aurer in.
Don't give me a P-39

Chorus:

Just give me an old thunder jug,
The ship that lands with a thud.
You'll loop, roll and spin.
But you can't aurer in.
Just give me an old Thunder Jug.

Chorus:

Just give me a P-51.
The ship that's scared to none.
You'll loop, roll and spin,
Just give me a P-51.

Chorus:

While flying a T-33
A tip tank you've lost you do see
Spin crash or burn it
But never return it
Bail out of that T-33

Chorus:

LILLY FROM PICCADILLY

Oh, I took a trip to London to look around the town.
When I got to Piccadilly, the sun was going down.
I've never seen such darkness; the night was black as pitch,
When, suddenly, in front of me, I thought I saw a witch.

Chorus: Oh, it was Lilly, from Piccadilly
You know the one I mean, the one I mean.
I'll spend each payday, that's my hey hey day,
With Lillyn my blackout queen. De, de, da, da, da, da, da....

Oh, I couldn't see her figure; I couldn't see her face,
But if I ever meet her, I'll know her any place.
I couldn't tell if she were blonde, or a dark brunette,
But, gosh, O gee, did she give me a thrill I won't forget!

Chorus:

She said to me "Oh Yankee, boy, are ya lonesome, are you blue? Just step around the corner, I'll show you what to do." We went up some dark alley, I said "I love you kid.", She said "Okay, but first you pay". So I gave her twenty quid.

Chorus:

She leaned her back against the wall; I took her in my arms.
She gave to me here very all, and all her buxom charms.
I lost my head, I lost my heart, I even lost my hat.
It was a shame, he should have been a circus' acrobat!

Chorus:

We went to her apartment, and when we were in bed she was so very pleasant, I said some day we'd wed. She even gave me breakfast, she was so very nice. Why, what she did for twenty quid was cheap at half the price!

Chorus:

It was a few days later, I began to feel so queer,
And when I went on sick call, the Doc said "It's quite clear
You've had some love Commando style. Come, Son, now don't be shy.
You're not to blame, tell me her name. "So I answered with a sigh.

Chorus:

And when my children ask me, "Please tell me, Daddy, dear. What did you go to win the war?" I'll answer with a sneer, "Your daddy was a hero; his best he always fought, With bravery he gave to the Comrades his support."

"YOUR OLD RED BONNET"

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll all go to the Yalu
Now the Eighth may be a'toolin'
But we ain't up there a'foolin'
We're a'killin' chinks for you.

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll fight the war for you
You can bet every dollar
The 13th won't hollar
When the flak comes screaming thru

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll do your fighting for you
We do our strafing low level
And we sure raise the devil
That's the Fighting 13th for you.

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And we'll use rockets and napalm
We don't let point 5 bomb
We stay till the job is done

Put on your old red bonnet
With the Grim Reaper on it
And get off into the blue
Now I've got my missions
For rotation I'm a'wishing
So I'll leave the job to you
I'll see you Jack

LET THE REST OF THE WORLD GO BY

With someone like you,
A pal good and true,
I'd like to leave it all behind
And go and fine,
Some place that's known
To God alone,
Just a spot to call our own
We'll find perfect peace,
Where joys never cease,
Out there beneath a kindly sky.
We'll build a sweet little nest,
Somewhere in the West,
And let the rest of the world go by.

OH THE DEACON WENT DOWN

Oh the Deacon went down
To the cellar to pray
And he got drunk
And he stayed all day
You'll never get to heaven in a rocking
chair
Cause the lord don't allow no lazy bone
their

Oh the Deacon went down
To the cellar to pray,
And he got drunk and he stayed all day
You'll never get to heaven in a rocking
chair
Cause the lord don't allow no lazy bones
their.

LET'S HAVE A PARTY

They're tearing down the bar in our club
Boooooooooo
But they're going to build another one
Rayyyyyyy
It'll only be a foot wide
Boooooooooo
But it'll be a mile long
Rayyyyyyy
They're not going to sell beer in our
club
Boooooooooo
They're going to give it away
Rayyyyyyy
There'll be no bartenders in our club
Boooooooooo
We're going to have barmaids
Rayyyyyyy
Our barmaids aren't going to wear short
Boooooooooo
They're not going to wear anything
Rayyyyyyy
You can't make the barmaids in our club
Boooooooooo
They'll make you
Rayyyyyyy
Only one case of beer
Boooooooooo
Per man
Rayyyyyyy
No glasses in the club
Boooooooooo
We'll drink from the bottles
Rayyyyyyy

RESERVES LAMENT
(Mr & Mrs Mississippi Make Me Feel at Home)

I won't forget Korea,
I can't forget Kunsan,
For Syngman Rhee and Stalin,
Have made me feel at home.

I flew across the bombing
And got a hole or two,
But all I get is a crock of s---
From you and you and you.

Chorus:

Oh I was called to risk my a--
And save the U. N. too,
But all I get is a bunch of s---
From you and you and you.

2
The A A was triffic,
The small arms were intense,
While flyboys bombed the front lines,
The division did the rest.

While the regulars held their desk jobs,
The Reserves were called en masse,
For the U. N. knew the Air Reserve
Was the one to save their A--.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

3
I love you, dear old USA
With all my aching heart
If I hadn't joined the damn Reserves,
We'd never've had to part.

But we won't cry and we won't squawk,
For we are not alone.
For one of these days the Regulars'll command they all abort
And we can all go home.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

4
Now we don't mind the hardships;
We've faced them in the past,
But we wonder if our Congressmen
Havd han forties up the a--.

RESERVES LAMENT
(CONT'D)

We have to fight to save the Peace,
That's what the b----- said.
But when you check the casualties,
You'll find no Senator's dead.

(REPEAT CHORUS)

5
I'm going to raise a family
When this war is through.
I hope to have a bouncing boy
To tell my stories to.

But someday when he grows up,
If he joins the Air Reserve,
I'll kick his a-- from dawn to dusk,
For that's what he'll deserve!

(REPEAT CHORUS)

"BACK TO USA JIMA."

I wanta go back to USA Jima
I wanta go back where the white geeks
stay
Where the skies are blue
And the eyes are too
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back where the skies are fine
where the planes are big
And there are no MiGs
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back where there is no flak
Where the missions are short
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back where the weathers fine
where the weather men know
When it's goin' to snow
Back in USA JIMA

I wanta go back to USA JIMA
I wanta go back to the five day week
To the boss I know
And the big floor show
Back in USA JIMA

18

THE PRETTIEST GIRL I EVER SAW

The prettiest girl	<u>REPEAT</u>
I ever saw	"
Was sipping burb	"
Pon thru a straw	"
The prettiest girl	"
I ever saw	"

ALL TOGETHER

Was sipping burbon through a straw

And now and then	<u>REPEAT</u>
The straw would slip	"
And I'd sip burb	"
Bon through her lips	"
And now and then	"
The straw would slip	"

ALL TOGETHER

And I'd sip burbon through her lips,

And now I've got	<u>REPEAT</u>
A mother in-law	"
From sipping burb	"
Bon through a straw	"
And now I've got	"
A mother in-law	"

ALL TOGETHER

From sipping burbon through a straw

And fourteen kids	<u>REPEAT</u>
All call me pa	"
From sipring burb	"
Bon through a straw	"
And fourteen kids	"
All call me pa	"

ALL TOGETHER

From sipring burbon through a straw

The moral of	<u>REPEAT</u>
This story dear	"
Don't sip a burb	"
Bon sip a beer	"
The moral of	"
This story dear	"

ALL TOGETHER

Don't sip a burbon through a straw.

19

GREEN GROW THE RUSHES OH!

I'll give you one oh!
 Green grow the rushes oh!
 What is your one oh!
 One is one and all alone
 And never more shall be so

I'll give you two oh!
 Green grow the rushes oh!
 What is your two oh!
 Two, two, lily white girls
 Dressed up all in green high ho
 One is one and all alone
 And ever more shall be so

I'll give you three oh!
 Green grow the rushes oh!
 What is your three oh!
 Three three the rivals
 Hay! two tow lily white girls
 Dressed up all in green heigh ho
 One is one and all alone
 And ever more shall be so.

I'll give you four oh!

(ETC)

Four for the gospel maiden
 Five for the cymbals at your side
 Six for the six white horses
 Seven for the seven stars in the sky
 Eight for the april showers
 Nine for the nine deciples
 Ten for the ten commandments.

PEACEFULL VALLEY

I was flying through the peacefull valley
 With the 8th bursting so near
 When I heard a voice within me whisper
 (SHOUT) Lets get the hell out of here.

BALL GAME

Ther'll be balls, parties and banquets
 There'll be banquets, parties and balls
 Harry S. Truman has said it before
 "This is the way to stay out of the war
 With balls, parties an' banquets,
 Banquets, parties and balls,
 Ther'll be parties and banquets.
 And banquets and parties,
 And BALLS.....BALLS.....BALLS...

See them tooling along
Engines singing their song
Here in the sky I belong
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope

Down on the runway
When I pulled up my rear
Is one of the reasons
That I'm leaving here

See them thundering down
Close to the ground they'll be found
Stafing till their last round
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope

For coming a pleasure
And parting is grief
But a pilot
Has no place in FEAR

Chorus:
I know when night is done
That we'll be home by dawn
We've been drifting around
The Reds have heard our song
Here in the sky we belong
Drifting along with a tumbling gyroscope

They will write you a letter
And take all your dough
You'll never escape them
Thought to Chitose you go

But I will be flying
In my blue "84"

23
"WOULD YOU?" (31ST LAUNCH)

If in this area there were but you,
And you were sure nobody knew
Would you?

And if the sky was good and black,
And you could drop without the flak
Would you?

And on this road were armoured cars,
And you could stay up and strafe the
stars
Would you?

And then when over and you debrief
Weave tales of valor beyond belief
Would you?

Hell! Who wouldn't

"ODE TO THE 8TH" 24

When you get on the deck
You will likely view
Many guns whose presence there
Will be a shock to you.

But don't look surprised,
Don't even stare.
Doubtless, many cocks will be
Suprised to find you there.

And we'll drive all your pilots
Back to Honshu shores

So when you are airborne
Keep your eyes on alert
For the way we will wip you
Your pride will be hurt

So farewell dear brothers
And farewell dear friends
We'll fight for the 31st
till the bitter end

26
AFTER THE MISSION'S OVER

"After the mission's over
After we all get back
We get interrogated
How did you dodge the flak?
How were the commy fighters?
What time was tally ho?
Have you any old bi-planes?
If not, then you may go.
We like this locomotive
We think it handles swell
We like to fly this weather
We're all as nuts as hell
We like this bomber pattern
But the peel off's a safer way
level your wings on the crosswing
Or you'll hear the Colonel say
Potts broke the regulations
Don Sharp used poor technique
Taylor you had your head up
We'll have a short critique
Who didn't complete their mission
Coleman, you will report
Why, with only the wing off
You had to abort.

"BLOOD ON YOUR TUNIC" ²⁷

There was a young pilot into Sidney did stroll
He had just come back from a raid on Rabaul
When an old M.P. sergeant said, "Pardon me please
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees"
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di,
There's blood on your tunic and mud on your knees.

Now listen here sergeant, you bloody damn fool
I've just come back from a raid on Rabaul
Where ack-ack was flying and comforts were few
And brave men were dying for bas----- like you
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di,
And brave men were dying for bas----- like you.

The old M.P. sergeant said pardon me Sir,
On you Lt. I intended no slur
But the girls here in Sidney are hard to please
With blood on you tunic and mud on your knees
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di
With blood on your tunic and mud on your knees.

Now listen here sergeant, you bloody damn fool
The girls here all know, I'm just back from a raid Rabaul
I'll wine'em and dine'em and out we will go
And out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di
And out to my flat where I'll tell them my woes.

Now this young pilot picked up a girl
He wine'd her and dine'd her and gave her a whirl
Then out to his flat where he told her his woes
She felt so sorry she---took off her clothes
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di
She felt so sorry she took off her clothes

Now one year later this pilot was home
He got a letter saying, "What's to be done?"
This little b----- that you gave to me
He just sits around and he wets on my knee
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di
He just sits around and he wets on my knee.

The young pilot wrote back with this sad advice
Your son won't mine but he sure would be nice

He'd be a bigger damn fool than ever went to Rabaul
Dickey-dee, Dickey-di.

Mine eyes have seen the days of men who ruled the fighting sky
With hearts that laughed at death and lived for nothing but to fly
But now those hearts are grounded and those days are long gone by
The Air Force's gone to hell.

Chorus: Glory-----Flying Regulations
Have them read at every station
Crucify the man who breaks one
The Air Forces gone to hell.

My bones have felt their pounding throb, a hundred thousand strong,
A mighty airborne legion sent to right the deadly wrong.
But now it's only memory, it only lives in song
The Air Force's gone to hell.

I have seen them in their T-Jets when their eyes were dancing flame
I've seen their screening power dives that blasted Goering's name
But now they fly like sissies and they hang their heads in shame
Their spirit's shot to hell.

Chorus:

They flew B-26's through a living hell of flak
And bloody, dying pilots gave their lives to bring them back
But now they all play ping pong in the operations shack
Their Technique's gone to hell.

Yes, the lordly flying Fortress and the liberator too
Once wrote the doom of Germany with contrails in the blue
But now the skies are empty and our planes are wet with dew
And we cannot fly for hell.

Chorus:

You have heard your pounding 50's blaze from wing of polished steel
The purring of your 51 was a song you heart could feel
But now the L-5 charms you with its mornin' groenin' squeal
And it won't climb for hell.

Hap Arnold built a fighting team that sang a fighting song
About the wild blue yonder in the days when men were strong
But now we're closely supervised for fear we may do wrong
The Air Force's shot to hell.

Chorus:

It's a long, hard road on reccy to Pyongyang
And the flak was bursting high,
And the F-84's and the F-86's,
They were mording us high in the sky.
We were half way between old Seoul and Keesa
Wasmeralhallway between old Seoul and Keesong
When all hell broke loose in the blue,
'Cause the Mi's had spotted us from five o'clock under,
And they came up to see what they could do.

Now the first pass was made on the old 56th,
Colonel David was in the lead.
Oh, he mopped and he moaned and he mopped and he groaned,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So the Colonel he called to his brave navigator,
Said "Give me a heading home",
But the navigator with his hand on the rip cord
Said "Hey, boy you're going home alone".

So the Colonel he called to his brave bombardier,
Said "Give me a heading home",
But the bombardier had already shuttled
There was silence on the Colonel's interphone.

So at twenty-two thousand he chewed on his candy,
And he mopped, mopped, mopped, mopped,
Oh, he mopped and moaned and he mopped and he groaned,
'Cause he thought he would never get home.

So, with four engines feathered he glided into safety,
At the runway of his home base,
And it's with great pride that he tells this story
With a mop-eatin' grin on his face...mop, mop!

"FLASH, BAM, ALAKAZAM" POOR BUT POOR BUT HONEST

I was flying along minding my business
When out of a star studded sky
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Boy! Did the flak fly by.

I was stooging along fat, dumb and happy
When something went whizzing by
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Fighters! All over the sky.

Now I'm back on the ground drinking my
Here at the club I belong
Flash, Bam, Alakazam
Boy! But this punch is strong

She was poor but she was honest
The victim of a rich mans whim
When she met that southern gentlemen
And she had a child by him

Now he sits in the legislature
Makin' laws for all mankind
While she walks the streets of Austin
Selling charms of her behind

Its the rich that gets the pleasure
Its the poor that takes the blame
Its the same the whole world over under
Its and awful-----shame.

HALLELUJAH!

Oh, I took off down the runway and headed for a ditch.
I looked down at my prop; My God, it's in high pitch!
I pulled back on the stick and rose into the air.
Glory, glory Hallelujah! How did I get there?

Chorus:

Oh Hallelujah, oh, Hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the cross; save a fighter pilot's life
Oh Hallelujah, oh, Hallelujah!
Throw a nickle on the cross and you'll be saved.

Oh, I flew the traffic pattern, to me it looked just right,
I turned onto the final, my God, I shook it tight!
The Engine coughed and sputtered the ship began to weave
May Day! May Day! Colonel Schilling! Spin instructions, please!

Chorus:

I started in a loop; I thought that I was clear.
I pulled up under; I thought the end was near.
I met the flying bear, and they gave me the works.
Glory, glory Hallelujah! What a bunch of jerks!

Chorus:

I started on my takeoff-I thought the flaps were down
But when I pulled the gear up, the dive brake scraped the ground
The general he smiled, He thought it was great fun
Then I faced Colonel Schilling---Chitose here I come.

Chorus:

And now I'm in the gutter with pretzels in my beer,
With pretzels in my whiskers, I knew the end was near.
Then came this glorious Air Force to save me from the worst;
Everybody bust a gut and sing the second verse!

Chorus:

The boys up from Misawa, think they are so hot
They brag about the "Bluetails" that they've often shot
One thing they can't remember- when ever they holler and hoot
Is to look into their mirror, just before they shoot!

Chorus:

I hear we're leaving Japan, they say we're going home
They tell us none are wandering, Never more we'll roam
But the colonels up at Offutt, are planning on the sly
Just where they're gonna send us on our next TDY.

LATE IN THE EVENING

It was a cold winter evening, the gang was all leaving,
O'Reilly was closing the bar,
When he turned and said to the lady in red,
"Get out, you can't stay where you are."
Ohhh, she shed a big tear in her bucket of beer,
And thought of the cold night ahead.
When a gentleman dapper, stepped out of the....phone booth,
And here are the words that he said:
"Her mother never told her the things a young girl should know.
About the ways of Air Force men and how they come and go.
She's lost her youth and beauty and life has dealt her a blow!!" gash what a
gash
But remember your mothers and sisters, boys.....
If there is roooooooooooooom."

UNDERNATH THE BAMBOO TREE

I'll build a bungalow big enough for two,
Big enough for two, my honey, big enough for two
And when we're married, happy we'll be
Under the bamboo, under the bamboo tree.

That's where my money goes, to buy my baby clothes,
I buy her everything to keep her in style
And in my future life, she's gonna be my wife,
How'n the Hell o'ya get that way, she told me so.

Someone's been lovin' you, I know you ain't been true,
T'aint intuition honey sent from heaven above
That last kiss was a winner honey, too good for a beginner honey
Someone's been givin' you lessons in love.

A SLEEPY LATRINE 33

A sleepy latrine, a pastoral scene, and two at a basin
The job isn't fun, the mirror is one you can't see your face in
The lighting is bad, it's driving you mad, that's half of it, brother
The farther you go, the first thing you know,
Your'e shaving each other.

A sleepy latrine, where we all convene to help stop inflation
We do our part, support and ox-cart for Korean salvation
It's not much to give, for they gotta live
But our production would flower,
If old Harry T. would sit here with me
One Hour!

37
COME AND JOIN THE AIR FORCE

Come on and join the Air Force, it's a grand place so they say.
You never do a lick of work, just fly around all day.
While others work and study hard, and soon grow old and blind,
We'll take the air without a care, and you'll never mind.

Chorus: You'll never mind, you'll never mind,
Oh, come on and join the Air Force,
And you'll never mind,

Come on and get promoted as big as you desire,
You're riding on a gravy train when you're an Army Flier,
But just when you're about to be a general you'll find
The engine cough, the wings fall off, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

You're flying over the ocean, you hear your engine spit.
You see your prop come to a stop, the God damn engine's quit.
The ship won't float, you can not swim, the shore is miles behind.
Oh, what a dish for the crabs and fish, but you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, when you loop and spin her, and with an awful tear,
You'll see your stubby wings fall off, but you will never care.
For in about two minutes, Mac, another pari you'll find.
You'll fly with Pete and the angels sweet, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, then you meet a joker, he shoots you down in flames,
Don't waste your time belly aching and callin' the beggar names.
Just push your stick into the ground, and pretty soon you'll find
There ain't no hell and all is well, and you'll never mind.

Chorus:

Oh, we're just a bunch of Air Force l-rds, and we don't give a damn,
About the groundlings point of view and all that sort of ham.
We want a hundred thousand ships of each and every kind,
And now we've got our own Air Force, so we'll never mind.

Chorus:

"I DON'T WANT TO BE A 'ERO"

I don't want to be a 'ero
I don't want to go to war
I just want to 'ave arcung
Picn'ille un'erarcung
And live off the 'earnins of me 'igh bon lighdy

Monday I touched her on the ankle
Tuesday I touched her on the knee
Wednesday after mess, she lifted up'er dress
Thursday she showed me..... gore bliney!

Friday I put me 'and upon it
Saturday she gave me b..... a twok
Sunday after supper, I rammed my old thing up'er
And now I'm payin' seven six a week,...core bliney!

Call out the Army and the Navy
They cut the rank and the file
Call out the bloodie Territorials
They'll save England with a snail....gore blinney

I don't want a bullet up me 'arse hole
I don't want me buttocks shot away
I just want to stay in London
Elcomin' bloodie London
And fornicate me bloodie life away....core bliney

Call out the members of the old brigade
They'll make England free
Call out me Mother and me Father, me Sister and me Brother
But for Crist's sake....DON'T CALL ME !!!

THE YOUNG PURSUITER

Beside a Guinea Waterfall one bright and sunny day:
Beside his battered thunder jet, an young pursuiter lay.
His parachute hung from a nearby tree; he was not yet quite dead.
Now, listen to the very last words the young pursuiter said:

"I'm going to a better land where everything is Bright,
Where whiskey flows from telegraph poles; and poker every night.
With not a singel thing to do but sit around and sing;
Where all our crews are women-----Oh, Death, where is thy string?"

Oh, Death where is thy sting, ting a ling
Oh, Death where is thy sting,
The bells of hell will ring a ling a ling
For you but not for me.

THEY'RE DIGGING UP FATHER'S GRAVE ³⁶

They're digging up fathers' grave to build a sewer
 They're doing the job regardless of expense
 They're disturbing his remains
 To make way for ten mile drains
 To satisfy some brand new residents
 (OH BLIMEY)

Now father in his life was never a quitter
 I don't believe he'll be a quitter now
 He'll wrap up in a sheet
 And he'll haunt that ^{soot} house sheet
 And only let them ^{so} which he'll allow
 (OH BLIMEY)

Now won't there be some bleeding constipation
 And won't those stuck up b... rent and rave
 But it's only what they deserve
 For having the bloody nerve
 To booger around with a British workmans' grave.

FOGGY, FOGGY DEW ³⁷

Oh, I am a bachelor and I live alone, and I work at the weaver's trade,
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong was to woo a fair young maid.
 I wooed her in the summer time, and in the winter too,
 And the only, only thing that I ever did wrong
 Was to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

One night she came to my bedside as I lay fast asleep.
 This pretty, pretty maid came to my bedside and there she began to weep.
 She sighed, she cried, she damn near died, Alas, what could I do?
 So I took her into bed and I covered up her head
 Just to shield her from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now a year passed by; still a bachelor am I, and I work at the weaver's trade.
 Comes a knocking at my door, and a voice I've heard before.
 'Twas the voice of the fair young maid.
 She handed me a little one. She said what shall I do?
 So I took him into bed, and I covered up his head
 Just to shield him from the foggy, foggy dew.

Now, I am a bachelor, and I live with my son, and we work at the weaver's trade.
 And every, every time that I look into his eyes, he reminds me of the fair young
 maid.
 He reminds me of the summer time, and of the winter too.
 Of the many, many times that I held her in my arms
 Just to shield her from the foggyk foggy dew.

"GHOST FLYERS IN THE SKY" ³⁸

A 26 went flying out one dark and wintry day
The weather man he testifies, "There's ice along the way"
Ten thousand ought to clear it
But I'll give you boys the dope
If you're contemplating suicide, why don't you use a rope?
Hacksaw steer me home.

We lifted the gear over Honshu Bay
The airfield was "sacked in"
We know that once we got out, we wouldn't get back in
We found our target at Anju and in on a pass we went
We strafed and bombed and raised plain hell until our weapons bent.
Snowflake, Bromide
Somebody bring me home.

We'd used our gas; we were losing our a...
Our tanks were running dry
The "Magellan" yelled, "think I'm lost!"
There's flak all over the sky
If ever I get home again never more I'll roam
I'll lay my head upon her breast and you'll hear me softly moan
Mama...Mama...
Mama keep me home.

"WE'RE TAKING OFF AGAIN" ³⁹

Over chosen lets go men
We're taking right off, we're taking right off again
(no not again)

Nobody cares if or when
We ever get back, we ever go back again
It may be Chongju, Sayanara to
Look out for the flak
And if you get back
You'd better drink and drink and drink and drink and then
You're taking right off for there
You still don't know where
But you're taking right off for there again. (yes again)

"TURNER SING" ⁴⁰

They say that Turner Field is a mighty fine place
But the organization is a terrible disgrace.

There are Colonels and Majors and Lts. too,
With hands in their pockets with nothing to do.

They rant and they rave and they moan and they shout
About things they know practically nothing about

For the good that they do they might as well be
Shoveling sand on the isle of Capree

LANDLORD, FILL THE FLOWING BOWL 41

Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern.
Three jolly coachmen sat in an English tavern.
There they decided that; there they decided that;
There they decided that they'd have another flagon.

Chorus: Oh, Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
O, Landlord fill the flowing bowl
Until it doth run over.
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
For tonight we'll merry, merry be;
Tomorrow we'll be sober.

Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober;
Now, the man who drinks light ale and goes to bed quite sober
Fades as the lilly fades, fades as the lilly fades;
Fades as the lilly fades; He'll die before October!

But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow;
But the man who drinks stout ale, and goes to bed quite mellow;
Lives as he ought to live; lives as he ought to live;
Lives as he ought to live; He'll die a jolly fellow!

Chorus:

Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
Now, the maid who steals a kiss and runs to tell her mother;
Does a very foolish thing; does a very foolish thing;
Does a very foolish thing; she'll never get another!

But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another;
But the maid who steals a kiss and stays to get another;
Is a boon to all mankind; is a boon to all mankind;
Is a boon to all mankind; she'll be a fruitful mother!

Chorus:

"FLAK IN THE NIGHT" 42

From Kunsan to Anju,
From Pyonyang to Yangdok,
Wherever the Red trucks go.
I've been on some tough routes,
And had me some tough bouts,
But there is one thing I know;
The Red Balls will let you,
They're worrisome things, that lead you to sing,
The flak in the night,
Hear the 8th a calling, hear the 13th a bawling,
Dentist... oh Dentist oh brenide, oh Bromide oh Snow flake.
Oh give me a steer, oh give me a fix,
I'm lost in the night.....

ZOOT SUITS AND PARACHUTES 13

Once there was a barnaid, down in Drury Lane
Her master was so kind to her, her mistress was the same
Along come a pilot, handsome as could be
He was the cause of all her misery.

Chorus:

Singing zoot suits and parachutes and uniforms of blue
He'll fly a fighter like his daddy used to do
He asked her for a candle to light his way to bed
He asked her for a pillow to rest his weary head
And she like a silly girl, thinking it no harm
Climed in bed beside him just to keep the pilot warm.

Chorus:

Now early in the morning before the break of day
A five pound note he handed here and this to here did say,
"Take this my Darling for all the harm I've done
For you may have a daughter and you may have a son
and if you have a daughter put ribbons in her hair
And if you have a son get the b----- in the air.

Now the moral of my story as you can plainly see
Is never trust a pilot an inch above y ur knee
The barnaid trusted one and he went off to fly
Leaving her a daughter to help the time go by

Final Chorus:

Singing zoot suits and Parachutes and Uniforms of Blue
She'll never fly a fighter like her daddy used to do.

SHE JUMPED INTO BED

BED

She jumped in bed and covered up her head
And said I couldn't find her
But I knew damn well, she lied like hell
So I jumped right in beside her.

Oh I lifted up the sheet and took a little peek
And ^{SAW} her sausage grinder
The white of an eye rolled down her leg
And the rest rolled down behind her

I ~~SAW~~ her once, I ~~SAW~~ her twice
I ~~SAW~~ her once too often
I broke the mainspring in her ass
And now she's in her coffin

She lay out there in the moonlit air
And we opened up her coffin
The moonlight shone on the nipple of her tit
She looked like a statue on a pile of shit

A VERY FINE SONG

There once was a girl from Bermuda
To s--- I had to get shrewder
She thought it was lewd
To s--- in the nude
So I got shrewder and lewder and
screwder

Chorus

That was a very fine song
Sing us another one
Just like the other one doooo

There once was a hermit named Dave
Who kept a dead v---
He said I'll admit
She smells worst than s---

But look at the money I save.

Chorus

There was a young lady from Dover
Who lay on her back in the clover
She said I don't give a damn
If I don't have a man
Here Rover

Chorus

There was a young fellow in my class
Whose b--- were made of brass
When he knocked them together
They'd play "Stormy Weather"
And lightning would shoot from his a---

Chorus

There was a young girl from Nantucket
Who went to hell in a bucket
But when she got there
They asked for the fare
She took out her t--- and said suck it.

Chorus

"THE DAMN DUMMY"

You take the leg from any old table
You take the arm from any old chair
You take the neck from any old bottle
And from a horse you take some hair
And you put them all together
With the aid of string and glue
And I'll get more lovin' from that God
Darned Dummy,
Than I ever got from you!!

DON'T BURN OUR S--- DOWN

Please don't burn our s--- down
Times are so f--- hard
Please don't burn our s--- down
Or we'll have to s--- in the yard

Please don't burn our s--- down
Mother is willing to pay
Father is across the ocean blue
And sisters in a family way

Now brother dear has goonered
Now don't you think it hard
For you to burn our s--- down
So we'll have to s--- in the yard

BRIDGET O'FLYNN

Oh, Bridget O'Flynn
Now where have you been?
Sure this is a fine time
For you to come in
Oh, now you say you've been
To the big parade
The big parade, the eye
For no parade could ever take
So long in passing by.

Now, Bridget O'Flynn
Now look at your shoes
My God, what a sin
Don't let your father see you coming in
And stay away from your dancing halls
There's nobody there worthwhile at all
It's where I met your father
Bridget, darling

VIOLATE ME

Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know
To the best things in life
I am utterly oblivious
Give me a life that is lewd and lascivious
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.
Ravage me, savage me
Utterly damage me
On me no mercy bestow
Violate me in the violet time
In the vilest way that you know.

I took a trip up the Chippesaw river
Just to view the canadlan shore
There I met that two bit b_____
Commonly known as the Winnipeg w_____.

She said come unto me darling,
Rest your hand upon my knee
We will do some fancy diddling
A buck and a half will be my fee

She was diddling I was diddling
I didn't know what it was all about
Till I missed my watch and wallet
Holy christ did I shout out.

Up jumped pimps, w_____ and b_____
To see my a____ fly out that door.

My last trip up the Chippesaw river
Ain't never going back no more,
I don't wanta do no more diddling
With that two bit b____, the winnipeg
w_____.

CAMELS SEX LIKE 45

The general flys and F-80 - F-80
The old man an F-84
It don't go a damn bit faster - bit faster
faster
But the b_____ he likes the great roar

Chorus:
Singing ture a lie ture a lie lure a lie
ay
Singing ture a lie lure a lie ay
It don't go a god damn bit faster - bit
faster
But the b_____ he likes the great roar

The sexual life of a camel a camel
Is stranger than most people think
In moments of amorous passion of passion
He often makes love to the sphinx

Chorus
In moments of amorous passion, of passion
He often makes love to the sphinx
The sphinx's posterior orifices-
orifices
Are packed with the sands of the Nile
Which accounts for the hump on the
camel--the camel
And the sphinx's inscrutable smile

Chorus:

As I was sitting in O'Reilly's bar
Listening to the tales of blood slaughter
Came a thought into my mind
Why not shag O'Reilly's daughter?

Chorus: Tiddley I Eeee, Tiddley I Oh,
Tiddley I Eeee for the one-b____
Reilly;
Rig a jig jig, B_____ and all,
Rub a dub Shan'on!

I grabbed that she-b_____ by the a____,
Then I threw my left leg over,
Shagged and shagged and shagged some mor
Shagged until the fun was over.

Chorus:
There came a knock upon the door;
Who should it be but her God damn father
Two horse pistols in his hand,
Lockin' for the guy that shagged his
daughter!

Chorus:
I grabbed that b_____ by the uddle,
Shoved his head in a pail of water,
Shoved those pistols up his a____;
A damn sight further than I shagged his
daughter!

Chorus:
As I go walking down the street,
People shout from every corner,
"There goes the son of a b_____
The guy that shagged O'Reilly's daughter

Chorus:

FASCINATING LADY 46

Wish I were a fascinatin lady
Fast kind of dim- Future kind of shady
Live in a house with a little red light
Sleep all day and work all night.
Once a month take a vacation
Drive my customers wild
Wish I were a fascinatin lady
Instead of a ministers child.

RING DANG DOO

A Ring Dang Doo
 Pray what is that
 It looks to me like an alley cat.
 Hair all around
 And split in two,
 That's what they call
 A Ring Dang Doo

She took me down into her cellar
 She said that I was a very nice fellow
 She fed me wine and whiskey too
 And let me play
 With her ring dang doo.

THREE OLD MAIDS FROM BOSTON

Three old maids from Boston
 Were drunk on cherry wine
 The topic of conversation
 Was "Yours is no bigger than mine".

Chorus:

Roly poly tickle my holey
 Slippery slimy slew
 Rub your nose across my guts
 I'm one of the w--- crew.

The first old maid, she ups and says,
Why mine's as big as the air
 The birds fly in, the birds fly out,
 And never touch a hair.

Chorus

The second old maid she ups and says
 Why mine's as big as the sea,
The ships sail in, the ships sail out,
 and never bother me.

Chorus

The third old maid, she ups and says,
 Why mine's as big as the moon.
A pilot went in, in January
 and never came out till June.

Chorus.

ALOUETTE

Alouette, Gentille Alouette,
 Alouette, Je te plumerai
 Je te plumerai la tête
 Je te plumerai la tête
 Et la tête, et la tête, Ch-----
 Alouette, gentille Alouette

2. R&R
3. Rum & Coke
4. Go to Mioshi's
5. Geisha Gal
6. Hot-a-bath
7. Hit the pad
8. Twenty times
9. Aching back
10. Latince
11. Runny nose
12. See the Doc
13. Penicillin

AULD LANG SYNE

Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And never bro't to mind
 Should auld acquaintance be forgot
 And days of auld lang syne?

For auld lang syne, my dear, for auld
 lang syne.
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne
 And here's a hand, my trusty frien'
 And gies' a hand of thine,
 We'll take a cup of kindness yet,
 For auld lang syne.

DIXIE

I wish I was in the land of cotton
 Old times there are not forgotten
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie
 Land
 Oh, In Dixie land where I was born
 Early on the frosty mornin'
 Look away, look away, look away Dixie
 land.
 Den I wish I was in Dixie, Hooray, hoo
 In Dixie land I'll take my stand,
 And live and die in Dixie.
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie
 Away, away, away down South in Dixie.

MI YI YIPPEL YIPPEE YAY

I met a little girl

And I offered her a quarter

The last time I seen her

She said

HI YI YIPPEE YIPPEE YAY

The last time I seen her
And I haven't seen her since,
She was JACKING off a nigger
through a barbed wire fence

Chorus

Come a ki yi yippeeyippee yay yippee yay
Come a ki yi yippee yippee yay

I asked her if she would
And she said she didn't
So I grabbed her by the tits
And I swung right on her

Chorus

I went down the cellar
To get a jug of cider
There was a cockroach
JACKING off a spider

Chorus

I went upstairs
To get a jug of gin
Fell in the pisspot
up to my chin

Chorus

I couldn't swim
Couldn't float
A big fat turd
Went sliding down my throat

Chorus

I grabbed her by the tits
And I threw her on the grass
And I showed her the wiggle
Of a cowboys ass

Chorus:

I saw her once again
A floating down the stream
With an ass full of magots
And a puss full of cream

Chorus:

As I was riding down the cow s--- trail
With my p--- in my hand
And a pony by the tail

Chorus:

I met a little girl
And I offered her a quarter
She said ha--- no
I'm a bootleggers daughter

Chorus

I took her in the woods
And I layed her on a log
And I jumped on her
Like an old bullfrog

I took her upstairs
And I layed her on the floor
The wind from her ass
Blew the cat out the door

I took her in the valley
And layed her on a rock
And gave her twelve inches
Of a cowpokes c---.

BLOODY GREAT WHEEL

An airman told me before he died,
I don't know yet if the b--- lied.
But he had a wife with a c--- so wide
That she could never be satisfied.

So he built for her a p--- of steel,
Attached it to a f---, great wheel.
With b--- of brass to supply the cream
And the whole f--- issue was driven b--- steam.

In and out went the p--- of steel,
Round and round went the f--- great wheel

Till at last in ecstasy she cried,
"Enough-enough, I'm satisfied!"

And now we come to the bitter bit,
There was no way of stopping it.
From a---h--- to breakfast time she was
split,

And the whole f--- issue was covered
with.....

"A VERY FINE AIRCRAFT" 41

Oh, the "T" jets a very fine aircraft
Constructed of rivets and tin.
It cruises well over three fifty,
The ship with the headwind built in.

Chorus: Oh, why did I join the Air Force;
Mother, dear mother knew best.
Here I lie 'neath the wreckage,
A "T" jet all over my chest.

Now when you are out on a mission,
You will be happy to learn,
The crew chief is betting good money
Ten to one you will never return.

Chorus:

Now when you are out on a mission,
A Mig 15 makes a fine pass;
Reach down, pull up the red handles,
The hell with the ship, save your ass.

Chorus:

Oh the Mitchell's a very fine airplane
Constructed of paper and wood
It's alright for ferrying whiskey
But for combat it's no goddamn good.

Chorus;

Oh my 84 Jet is a very fine aircraft
statospere bathtub no less
They never hit the target
But for ten miles around, what a mess

Chorus:

Oh the Fort is a very fine aircraft
They call it the Queen of the pack
A. D. F. G. for each mission
And a cluster for these who get back.

Chorus;

Oh the Invader's a very fine aircraft
Gadgets upon it galore
You just barely got the b----- airborne
And your called back to pick up two more

Chorus:

Oh if you are in for rotation
And your orders are to go back
Don't stick around for promotion
They'll send you back over Sinnak

Chorus:

48
"THAT OLD GANG OF NINE"

Oh, I got that awful feeling
When I hear those engines whine
That 84 is breaking up that old gang of mine

My hands and knees start shaking
When into one I climb
That 84 is breaking up that old gang of mine

There goes Jack and there goes Jim
Down Pycroft lane
Now and then we meet again
But they don't seem the same

There is no one in the room
It's a pretty certain sign
That 84 has broken up that old gang of mine.

THE RIVER RAN RED

Number one was having fun,
Number two got a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh the road was full of ruts
And the ruts were full of ruts
There were arms there were legs every where
Little children sucking t---
Had then shot right from there mitts
As we came around and tried to get some more

There were women in the crowd
Little children cried aloud,
But they all carried guns for the foe
There were some who turned around
As they heard that awful sound
As we came around and tried to get some more

Oh it seemed an awful crime
As we shot them in their prime
But they got number three don't you see
Yes they shot him down with flak
And they broke his f----- back
As we came around and tried to get some more

Number one was having fun,
Number two got a few
Number four got some more as he said
Oh the river ran red with the blood of the dead
As we came around and tried to get some more.

John Thomas was a footman tall
The pride and joy of the servants hall
Althought he only had one b---
Inside his red plush britches

Chorus:

Inside his red plush britches
Inside his red plush britches
Inside his red...plush britches
That kept John Thomas warm

Of all the girls in the servant post
Mary, the one he loved the most
She kept his b--- as warm as toast
Inside those red plush britches

Chorus:

They went for a walk one moonlight night
They went for a walk when the stars were
bright
Until John Thomas became quite tight
Inside those red plush britches

Chorus:

They found a stile to sit upon
They found a bank to lie upon
Next morning she sewed buttons on
A pair of red plush britches

Chorus:

Now Mary had an illigit
An illigit with a face like s---
And everytime she look at it
She cursed those red plush britches

Chorus:

IT'S AS HARD FOR ME TO BE A BAD GIRL

It's as hard for me to be a bad girl
As it is for some to be good
It's as hard for me to be a bad girl
I really would if I could
Now I'd like somebody to take me
In the park for a hug and a kiss
(Give me a little kiss)
But how can I ever be a bad girl
With a God Damn face like this.

A bubbling brook, A shady nook
A girl all dressed in yellow,
Two ruby lips, Two snow white t---
What a lucky fellow.

Ten days passed by
He heaved a sigh
A sigh of pain and sorrow
Two spots of pink, were on his dink
And there'll be more tomorrow.

The weeks passed by
She heaved a sigh
A sigh of pain and sorrow
Two little mutts were in her guts
And there'll be more tomorrow

The months passed by
She heaved a sigh
A sigh of pain and sorrow
Those little s---; were at her t---
And there'll be more tomorrow

The year passed by
She heaved a sigh
A sigh of pain and sorrow
Those little f--- became instructors
There'll be more tomorrow.

SWEET VIOLETS

CHORUS:

Sweet violets, sweeter than all the rose
Covered all over from head to foot
Covered all over with snowooooow

My uncle he works in the sewer
He carries a lantern that's lit,
He reached in his pocket for matches
All he got was a handfull of ---

CHORUS:

My girlfriend she works in the follies
She thought that she was a hit
But after the show was over
All she got was a bucket of ---

Chorus:

"PADDY MURPHY"

The night that Paddy Murphy died I
 never will forget
 The Irish all got drunk that night and
 some aren't sober yet
 The awful thing they did that night that
 filled my heart with fear
 They took the ice right off the corpse
 and put it in the beer
 That's how we showed our respect when
 Paddy Murphy
 That's how we showed our loyalty and
 pride
 That's how we showed our respect for
 Paddy Murphy
 Respect for Paddy Murphy on the night
 that Paddy died.

IN THE EVENING BY THE MOONLIGHT

In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those darkies singing
 In the evening by the moonlight,
 You can hear those banjos ringing.
 How the old folks would enjoy it,
 They will sit all night and listen,
 As we sing, in the evening, by the
 moonlight.

WHO OWNS THIS CLUB

Oh were the boys from the 31st
 You've heard so much about
 Mothers keep their daughters in
 Whenever we go out.

We're always full of whiskey
 We're usually full of booze
 We're the boys from the 31st
 Oh who in the hell are youse?

Oh who owns this club huh wa wa
 Oh who owns this club huh wa wa
 Oh who owns this club the people cry
 We own this club huh wa wa
 We own this club huh wa wa
 The 31st replies

(Repeat Chorus)

CALL OUT THE RESERVES (Hu Benny)

In peacetime the Regulars are happy,
 In peacetime they're happy to serve,
 But let them get into a fracas
 And they call out the goddam Reserves!

Chorus:

Call out, call out, call out the goddam
 Reserves, Reserves
 Call out, call out, they'll call out the
 goddam Reservers!

ON TOP OF OLD PYONGYANG (On Top of Old Smokie)

On top of old Pyongyang, all covered with
 flak
 I lost my poor wingman; he never came
 back.
 For flying is pleasure, but crashing is
 grief
 And a quick-triggered Commie is worse
 than a thief

For a thief will just rob you of all that
 you save,
 But a quick-triggered Commie will send you
 to your grave
 They'll chase you and kill you and send
 up more lead,
 Than cuts on a railroad or Migs overhead.
 (There's not one Mig in a thousand that a
 84 can trace)

Now com all you pilots and listen to me
 Never fly over Sinanju, or old Funuri.
 For the planes they will falter, the pilots
 all die,
 You'll all be forsaken and never know why

Now the moral of this story as I've told
 you before
 Is never join the Air Force, or you'll
 fight every war.

THE SCOTCH WEDDING

Oh, the king was in the counting house,
A-counting out his wealth.
The queen was in the bedroom
A-playing with herself.

Chorus: Singing I did it last night;
I'll do it now;
The man that had you last night
Cannot have you now !

Oh, the bride was in the bedroom
Explaining to the groom
The vagina, not the rectum
Is the entrance to the womb.

Chorus:

Oh, the parson's wife, oh, she was there
Seated down in front.
A wreath of roses 'round her neck,
And a carrot up her c_____.

Chorus:

Oh, the parson's daughter, oh, she was
there
She had them all in fits.
Diving from the mantle piece
And landing on her t_____.

Chorus:

Oh, the village idiot, oh, he was there,
A-scated by the fire.
Amusin' himself by abusin' himself
With an India rubber tire.

Chorus:

There was f_____ in the hayloft,
F_____ in the ricks.
You could not hear the music
For the swissing of the p_____.

Chorus:

Oh, the village blacksmith he was there,
His hammer and his awls;
Talking to the Countess,
And showing off his b_____.

Chorus:

(THE SCOTCH WEDDING CAN'T)

Oh, the village parson he was there,
And very surprised to see
Four and twenty maiden heads
A-hanging from a tree.

Chorus:

There was f_____ in the hallways,
F_____ on the stairs.
You couldn't see the carpet
For the come and curly hairs.

Chorus:

There was f_____ in the barley
F_____ in the orts.
Some were f_____ sheep
And some were f_____ goats.

Chorus:

Singing b_____ to your partner,
Your e_____ against the wall;
If you don't get f_____ on Saturday night,
You'll never get f_____ at all.

Chorus:

And when the ball was over
They all went home to rest
They said they liked the music
But they liked the f_____ best.

Chorus:

The village elder he was their
Acting like a fool
Pulling his foreskin over his head
And whistling through his tool.